DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own,
Remember those with "Homes of Glass"
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at Home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company,
We know the "World is Wide."
Some may have faults—and who has not—
The Old as well as Young;
Perhaps we may, for aught they know,
Have Fifty to their One.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well,
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander Friend or Foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember, "Curses" sometimes like
"Our Chickens," "Roost at Home."
Don't speak of others' faults, until
We have made known our own.

FOOT BALL.

"Look at the Dutchman!" said Harry Lanigan. We looked, and laughed. A stout boy, with slightly bowed legs, stood on the side-lines, in a suit too small for him. He had a round face, hard red cheeks, blue eyes, and a look of gravity. "Who's he?" asked somebody, but no one knew.

Just then one of the various foot-balls knocking about the field rolled close to him. With unexpected quickness he seized it, took two steps forward, and kicked. A high wind was blowing down the field, and the ball, going nose first, and not end over end as we had sent it, sailed and sailed and sailed.

We stared at it, wondering if it would ever drop. It did at last, how far away I don't know; but later in the season "Dutch" made a measured punt of seventy-four yards in the clear, and yet that first one sticks more closely in my memory. And the punter never even smiled.

Burch, our coach, whom we called the "Old Man," saw the kick, as he saw everything. "What's your name?" he asked. The boy gave it in full:

"George Alanson George Butterfield, sir."

"No wonder the ball goes, with all that behind the kick," said Lanigan.

"Where did you learn to punt?"

"My father taught me."

"Try another one."

We all stood looking at him and his cheeks grew a little redder still, but he complied, and again the ball shot away in that peculiar twisting flight that had astonished us.

"Can you drop-kick?"

The boy nodded.

"Try one."

Where he stood was about thirty-five yards from the nearer goal-posts and not far from the side-lines. He balanced the ball a moment, took one step this time—and kicked it right over the bar, against the wind! It was so easily done it was almost funny.

"Humph!" grunted the Old Man. "Who taught you that?"

"My father."

"Where have you played foot-ball?"

"I've never played this game."

"What game have you played?"

"Rugby, sir."

"How's that?"

"My father likes it better."

There was a laugh. "Well," said the Old Man, half-disgusted, "we'll have to teach you the game, then; I don't want to see kicking like that wasted."

He used George Alanson George for a while in punting for the ends to go down, and then he called Lanigan over to punt, and sent Butterfield to the other end of the field.

"Catch this punt and run it back to here," he said.

Lanigan punted, and Butterfield made a neat catch. The ends bore in on him, one from each side; and then we had another shock. For the stout Dutch-looking boy, going at full speed, suddenly stopped short, seemed to pivot somehow on one foot, and darted away at a most amazing angle, leaving the ends vainly sprawling on the ground.

"Your father taught you that too, I suppose?" said the Old Man.

"Yes, sir."

"Humph!" said the coach again.

"Well, he's taught you something useful, at any rate."

From that time on, Burch devoted a great deal of time to Dutch. His real name disappeared promptly from use among us. He was such a clear-headed boy that he learned rapidly; but somehow he never satisfied Burch.

"Butterfield," he said—he never used nick-names—"you know what ought to be done, and you know how to do it, but you play like a wooden man. Don't you care for the game?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, get into it!" And Dutch, from his position as fullback, would go though the formations with precision, never shirking or missing a signal; but, as before, it would be automatic, lifeless, unhuman. Nevertheless, there was no doubt of his making the eleven. We had never seen a boy whose muscles were under such control. They obeyed him perfectly. He never got hurt, because he fell, instinctively, with everything relaxed. Once, in a minor game, I saw him tackled and thrown. He landed on one round shoulder, spun over on to his feet, and went on up the field as if nothing had touched him, as easily as a man talking a hurdle.

I found out all about him, because the Zeta "rushed" him and got him, and in training-quarters we two, as the only Zetas on the team, naturally roomed together. He came from a little town out in Kansas, where his father was a minister. He was an Englishman, who had gone to Oxford, got a curacy, fallen in love with an American girl he had seen, followed her over and married her.

She wouldn't leave her parents, so Butterfield had settled down out there and built up a little church, read Hebrew, and "Staunton on Chess," and played games.

It was easy to see from his letters—and he wrote twice a week to Dutch—how keen he was on game. He had his blue from Oxford in football, and he had been chess champion of the university; he was a wonderful skater, Dutch said, and a good broad-jumper still.

He had organized the boys of his parish, and coached them and kept them going, so that out there in that little Kansas town, if you please, they were playing Rugby and cricket, instead of baseball and American football! And when Dutch told me that, I knew for certain that his father was a wonder.

The season progressed, and everything went well. We began at last to look forward to the Exham game with some hope. Exham had beaten us two years in succession, and still had her veteran team, mostly; but we, too, were stronger, and besides, we had Dutch. He was green, of course. No man, however keen, can really learn football in one season. "But," as Burch said, sourly, "if that boy would only play as well as I'm convinced he can play, we'd have a show yet!"

A few days before the game Dutch showed me a letter from his father, in which Mr. Butterfield wrote that he was coming on to see his son play. I supposed, of course, Dutch would be delighted, but he did not seem so.

"He won't like it," he said again and again. "He won't like it."

"Well, at any rate, he'll like to see you play it," I answered. But Dutch shook his head. Mr. Butterfield appeared the day before the game. We had him over at the training table at dinner that night—a short, "stubby" English clergyman, in a clerical waistcoat and with a little patch of hair on each cheek. He seemed interested, especially when Harry Lanigan passed the dish of baked potatoes by putting it over-hand like a sixteen pound shot, and Roy Graves carried a full water-pitcher half-round the table balanced on his chin, and then met the damp inevitable. We were all nervous over the game, and this was our last night together, so we were a little hilarious. But he said almost nothing, and I couldn't help wondering how he got those Kansas boys to play cricket.

We had a seat for him at the game, right in the middle of the Zeta Chi crowd, and when we trotted on the field the next day, Dutch and I looked up and saw him there.

"Now for it, old boy!" I said.

"He won't like it," Dutch answered again dismally.

I think none of us were really confident. Six—more than half—of the Exham team were playing their third year, and not a man on their eleven had ever been in a losing game with us. Still, we had at strong eleven, also. The game the year before had been very close—and then, we had Dutch. Nine out of ten people in the crowd were relying on that freshman to pull out a victory. It was a hard place for him. His first big game it was, too.

Exham had to kick off against the wind. On the first down our quarter signaled for a kick. That was an error of judgment, for Dutch had no time to settle his nerves. Back came the ball, true to his hands. The crowd stood up, tiptoe; and poor Dutch swung, almost missed the ball, and drove it maybe thirty yards, off to one side! Luckily for us it bounded backward, right into Harry Lanigan's arms, and was ours again. Of course the crowd yelled then. But we on the eleven felt our hearts go down, down. Was Dutch going to pieces?

That first half was not a pleasant story. They rushed us all over the field; they scored a touch-down in fifteen minutes; and although after that we held them better, before the half was over their quarter-back added insult to injury by droping a goal. A field goal against us—and we had depended so on Dutch and his drop kicking for victory!

Between halves we were a scured and angry set. Nobody said anything, of course, except the Old Man. And even he had not fairly got started, as we huddled in a group under our blankets on the side-line, when suddenly who should come trotting along, escorted by two of our boys, but Mr. Butterfield!

Dutch, who had been sitting with his head down, looked up and saw him, and a startled expression came into his eyes, which I presently understood. For the minister's face was fairly shining with enthusiasm, confidence and delight—his own face flushed, his eyes glowing, his hair sticking out with excitement. He came straight over to Dutch and put his hand on the boy's shoulder, and when he spoken I knew how he had induced those Kansas boys to play cricket.

"It's a wonderful game, George," he said, "wonderful! And I am proud of you!"

That was all, but with his tone, it was enough. Even for me, somehow, it put the game on its right level, made a game out of it, and not a life-and-death struggle—something to play hard and enjoy, not something to cry about when you were beaten. I saw Dutch's face change.

"You like it?" he asked.

"Wonderful!" said his father again. You need to speed up a bit, though, boy. And now I won't interrupt you." He nodded to Burch and went out as he had come—quite unconscious, apparently, of our downcast appearance.

Of course the explanation was simple. This was the first he had ever seen. The spirit of it took hold of and thrilled him, but he did not understand the details and took it for granted Dutch was playing properly. The boys said afterward his eyes shone so while he watched Dutch, they hadn't the heart to tell him how disappointedly the boy was doing.

Dutch turned to me, and his face was a study.

"He likes it?" he asked.

"Of course," I said.

"And he says he's proud of me!"

"It's up to you, Dutch!" I answered. The boy's lips whitened as he shut his mouth. And I guessed things were going to be different in the second half.

But I did not know how suddenly the change was to come. Dutch was kicking against the wind now. And somehow he actually made it play into his hands.

The kick-off went far and high; the wind held it up, and when it dropped, on their ten-yard line, bang! Lanigan and our left end had the man who caught it right in his tracks.

They punted at once, hoping to force the game into our end of the field. Dutch caught the punt, side-stepped their right end, and came back up the field, tearing at a wide angle for the side-lines. Their half was on him, and leaped. Just as he did, Dutch, instead of dodging, put on speed to his very utmost, and cleared the tackle by inches.

At the side-line he pivoted—his old trick—shot straight down a foot inside, like a flash, and before you could say jack-rabbit he had cleared the whole field. Not a hand touched him. Like his drop-kick on the first day, it seemed so simple that it was ridiculous.

He put the ball down between the posts. We kicked the goal, which was more than they had done; and in less than one minute from hopeless defeat we had gained a position which meant possible victory. One more score—and we had them!

But to get that score was the problem. Dutch had turned their whole team upside down once, but they were veterans, and that sort of thing doesn't happen twice with veterans. They saw they had grown careless and held Dutch too cheaply, and after that they watched him like hawks.

Up and down, back and forth, we swayed. Dutch was punting in his best form now, fifty, fifty-five, even sixty yards—away beyond what their men could do—but their line was better than ours, and we couldn't pierce it. It looked like a defeat for us, after all.

At last the timer came out. "Four minutes more!" he announced. We had the ball, not much past the middle of the field. We shot Dutch into the line for two yards. Then Lanigan ran from tackle for two more. The next play lost! There we were, more than forty yards from victory, and two minutes to reach it in. The quarter-back looked at Dutch, and the boy spoke sharply—in a new voice we had not heard:

"Let me try a drop, Peter."

"What's the use?"

"Peter, I can make it!"

The quarter-back measured the the distance with his eye. Dutch had done some wonderful drop-kicking, but this was out of reason. Still he hesitated.

"Do it," said the captain.

When we took our regular formation for the drop-kick, the crowd was perfectly still a moment, and then from over on the Exham side came a single high, derisive voice.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" it crowed.

I think even we felt silly, and the Exham crowed roared. But Dutch never seemed to notice. He was standing just eight yards short of the middle of the field. He balanced himself, stamped once or twice, and held out his hands. Back came the ball; he took one step, and it rose and flew. At any rate, Exham could not block it.

I held my man, then looked up The ball, ahead of the wind, was going like a great bird. It sailed and soared, carried farther and farther, on and on, straight between the posts, over the cross-bar—the most beautiful goal any man in that crowd had ever seen. And our season had ended with a victory.

When the game was officially over and Dutch and the rest of us released from the fellows' wild captivity, Mr. Butterfield found us again. If I had expected transports, I was disappointed.

"A fine kick, George!" he said.

"You held it a bit too long before you dropped it, though."

"You liked the game, father?" asked Dutch.

"I think we shall have to give up Rugby at Eola," his father answered.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Services at Eutaw Street M. E. Church, every Sunday, at 3:30 P. M.

Sunday School, at 2:30 P. M.

Week day meetings every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room. (Except during July and August.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

FANWOOD.

Friday, November 17th, dawned bright with the promise of a beautiful day. The day was to be made memorable by reason of the annual competition for the honor of guarding the Colors for the forthcoming year. This yearly event between the companies of the battalion, A, B and C, is usually held on Founders' Day, November 19th, but as that date happened to be on a Sunday, the competition was held Friday instead.

The usual schedule of exercises was kept up in the morning. There was no holiday in order to prepare for the afternoon, but those who found it absolutely necessary to be absent, in order to prepare in various ways, were allowed toleave of absence.

After dinner those belonging to the battalion changed into their brand new uniforms, and later on formed in respective company lines so as to receive the white belts and other accoutrements, after which they stood at ease in anticipation of the arrival of the military men, who were to be the judges.

A little past three o'clock, the officers, Major Foster and Captain Dayton of the 12th Regiment Infantry, N. G. N. Y., and Lieutenant Cole, of the 9th Coast Guard Artillery, N. G. N. Y., accompanied by Mr. Egerton Winthrop, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Principal Currier, were ushered into the sitting room by Major Van Tassell. Simultaneously the second call sounded, and led by the first sergeants, the companies marched out into the boys' drill ground, where, after they had presented arms, the Cadet Captains, Blechner, of A; Kadel, of B; and Quinn, of C, took command.

Then, in succession, followed the Review, Butts' Rifle Drill, and Evening Parade. These are the prescribed forms of military courtesy and had nothing to do with the competetion proper.

The judges decided to test the companies in alphabetical order, and accordingly A took the field. Starting from "squads right," that company went through all the known evolutions, snapping from fours to twos, then swinging into fours again, finishing up with the manual of arms.

At a word from the judges, A marched back into its place, its ordeal over, and B swung forward. Company B duplicated all of A's movements, marching with a shorter and quicker stride. After the manual, B was ordered to withdraw, and Company C came up to be tried.

The little fellows put up the best showing that has been seen for years, and in spite of all the odds against them won the plaudits of the spectators, by the excellent way they marched. They were somewhat poor in performing the movements technically known as column right and left front into line, two things which as the decision shows counted heavily against them.

The companies standing at attention, Major Foster, representing the judges, gave the decision. His remarks were interpreted by Colonel Currier. The Major prefaced the decision by complimenting the entire battalion upon its excellent showing, and for the quickness in its learning the new tactics. The decision was that:—

"The excellence of Companies A and B was marked; they were about even in points, but the judges pronounced A the winner because of superior individual set-up. Company C was perfect, with single exception of column right and left front into line, failure to perform properly which removed their chance of winning."

The Colors were then presented to Company A, Major Foster speaking in commendation, after which the battalion was dismissed.

Throughout the competition the Band poured forth strains of melodious and martial music, adding greatly to the pleasure of all concerned.

The winning company received the hearty congratulations of all the cadets, who agree in lauding the best man when he wins.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, the Annual Oyster Party of the Protean Society, a yearly rite which Principal Currier never fails to provide his Cadet Officers and their partners, took place. After the appetizing supper, dancing, games and other social pleasures were indulged in until nearly ten o'clock, when Principal Currier led the girls to the Proteans' room and asked them to see how beautifully mere masculine hands can furnish and keep a room. Principal Currier (and his decision was an unanimous one) said that the decorations this year were far better than any of the preceding ones. Sighs of envy from the fair ones also attested to that fact, and before departing to assume regency in the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows, all bid Principal Currier, Major Van Tassell, the Matron, Miss Muirhead, and her assistant, Miss Alice E. Judge, a good-night. Then the curtain came down on another of the pleasant events of this year.

The long-deferred appearance of the young ladies comprising the higher classes took place last Saturday, and they presented a program well worth the long wait. The program, to begin with, was as follows:—

DECLAMATION—"Evening Brings Us Home," Miss Christgau.

DEBATE—"Resolved, That Newspapers are of More Value than Books." Affirmative, Miss A. Tracy; Negative, Miss S. Adcock.

READING—"An Obstinate Girl," by Miss W. Makowski.

READING—"A Faithful Office Boy," by Miss A. Klaus.

READING—"The Same Opinion Still," by Miss D. Pearce.

JOKES—by Miss B. Spoehrer.

READING—"The Why Habit," by Miss L. Lefl.

READING—"Their Just Deserts," by Miss M. Carroll.

ENTERTAINMENT—"Harvest Time."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mother Earth.....Miss S. Adcock
Farmer.....Miss K. Christgau
Country Girl.....Miss W. Makowski
Seed.....Miss S. Treadwell
Corn.....Miss D. Pearce
Wheat.....Miss A. Klaus
Rain.....Miss L. Herschleifer
Sun.....Miss A. Klaus
Wind.....Miss A. Stenz
Pilgrims.....Misses Christgau, Pearce, Carroll, Makowski.
Indians.....Misses Lefl, Spoehrer, Klaus, Tracy, Herschleifer.
Minister.....Miss Adcock

Miss Christgau's declamation was a pearl of its kind and pleasantly paved the way for the debate. Both sides presented facts that were logical and convincing, but woe to ye booklovers, for in the end the judges, Miss Alice Judge, and Cadets Goldberg and Quinn, decided that the claims of Miss Tracy for the newspapers superior, awarding her the palm in the shape of 23 to 16 point decision.

All of the readings were proportionate in interest to the standing of the class, which means something.

Individual praising is impossible, for the whole class worked on the *E Pluribus Unum* principle, making one interesting account out of their respective renditions.

The entertainment, "Harvest Time," was an allegory of first water and an educational nature-story combined. The first part was intended to show the products of land passing in review before Mother Earth, being brought forth and back by the Farmer. With each presentation, a short account of the particular subject was given by Mother Earth, who was pleased with the result of her labors. The importance of the Sun, Rain, and Wind in the plant growth was dilated upon by each of the young ladies who represented those forces of Nature. Reference to the cast of characters under the program will enable the reader to understand more fully.

During the intermission between the first and second parts, Miss Adcock gave the story of the first Thanksgiving Dinner, and told of the coming and hardships of the Pilgrims.

In the second part some of the home life of the early Indians was shown. Enter Pilgrims who receive a very cool reception from the chief of the tribe (Miss Spoehrer), and are bidden to go hence. Though the intercession of his squaw (Miss Tracy), he relents for the present, and allows them to be taught the art of planting corn. Later he (the chief) changes his mind and orders them away. Incensed at his cruelty the squaw "beats it" from the tribe along with the Pilgrims. Gnashing of teeth on part of Big Chief and tribe. (Exeunt amid applause.)

Dr. Fox expressed himself as very much pleased with the spirit the class showed, and asked that a vote of thanks be tendered the young ladies for their efforts, and perseverance to find original costumes. The proposition was warmly answered by every hand in the house being brought up. As the girls had taken up the entire evening, adjournment followed.

Sunday morning, November 19th, Principal Currier conducted the services, Prof. Jones later being called up to speak. The Principal opened the services with recitation of the "Doxology" in conjunction with the Band, all standing. Then Mr. Currier spoke of the day as the one hundred and seventeenth birthday of Harvey Prindle Peet, the founder of this School. Of the many who once knew Dr. Harvey P. Peet only two persons remain, the Principal, who was the last teacher selected by him, and Prof. Jones, the only representative pupil present. After Mr. Currier had described his first meeting with Dr. Peet in the old Mansion House, remarking upon the experience of his meeting "the Nestor of the teaching corps," Mr. Jones, was asked to give his experiences under Dr. Peet. In the signs for which he is noted (a result of Dr. Peet's example), the Professor vividly portrayed the educational hardships of the early days and Dr. Peet's indefatigable efforts to better the condition of the deaf, both mentally and physically.

The Professor took up most of the time during the morning, so the exercises were broken off until the afternoon.

At the post meridian services Principal Currier again spoke, Prof Best following him with a brilliant tribute to the man whose birthday we delight to honor.

Dr. Fox was present, and, after speaking of Dr. Peet and the benefits we reap from his life-long labors, aslo paid tributes to the many brilliant teachers of Dr. Harvey P. and Dr. Isaac L. Peet's regime, dilating at length upon the noble qualities of each.

At intervals the Band rendered several selections among which were:—

Old Hundred.
Lead, Kindly Light.
Onward, Christian Soldiers.
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Now the Day is Over.

At the afternoon drill, the battalion presented a very neat appearance, and was reviewed by the Principal. Upon its dismissal the end of the Founder's Day program was reached, after having been fittingly commemorated.

Mr. Stephen Kabanovitch, a graduate of last Summer, was a Saturday afternoon visitor. Stephen is getting along very well in life. He has joined the little deaf-mute colony of workers in New Jersey, composed of Hudson G. Wells, William Knipe, William Wren, and Henry Brauer, all of whom came from this school. The boss of the factory in which they work is well pleased with them, and is fast becoming a friend of the deaf.

Cadet Chief Musician Edward Trinks, the Fanwood Jubal, reached the dignity appertaining to nineteen years last Monday. He was presented with a birthday cake by the members of the Band and Drum Corps.

Fanwood's crack runner, Mr. William Stokeley, finished sixth out of a batch of fifty-six starters at the Seventy-first Regiment initiation races, Sunday night. He will participate in the later events, and can be relied upon to bring home a few prizes.

The Library has been enriched through the kindness of Mr. James B. Ford, one of the directors, by a copy of "The History of Signboards from the Earliest Times to the Present Day,"—an English publication of great value to the students of sign painting.

On the visitors list for last week we espy the name of Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman, Treasurer of the Board of Directors of this Institution.

Principal Currier was much pleased to receive a picture post card from Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Thomas, from Bermuda. Editor Hodgson was similarly remembered.

J. H. Q.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1911.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

AN octavo volume of nearly two hundred and fifty pages, printed on fine plate paper, embellished with numerous half-tone pictures, and bound in cloth, is a materialistic description of a book by Miss Annabelle Kent (a deaf lady), entitled "Round the World in Silence."

Miss Kent demonstrates beyond all cavil that an observant eye, and a receptive and appreciative mind, render the handicap of deafness almost nil, so far as it obstructs the educational benefits of travel.

From the moment the author embarks at the Hoboken pier, she narrates her impressions and the incidents of the journey in simple yet beautifully expressive language, that charms and interests and holds the attention of the reader from the beginning to the end of the long journey that makes a complete circle of the globe.

Across the vast Atlantic to Gibraltar, through the Mediterranean, stopping first at Naples, we go. One after another we view, through Miss Kent's eyes, the old Italian cities with their famous treasures, Pompeii, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Rome, and finally Brindisi, where passage is taken to Cairo. Here, our deaf author declares, her interest in watching the life on these Egyptian streets never abated, where there is a constant stream of all kinds of people passing, black men from the Soudan, Arabs, Jews, Mohammedans, English soldiers and officers, etc. After a trip on camel-back to view the Pyramids, back to the coast we journey, through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to Bombay. With forceful simplicity Miss Kent describes the magnificent temples, tombs, mosques, palaces, etc., for which India has always been famous. After visiting many of the inland towns and cities with accompanying amusing incidents, we are taken to Burma, and thence to China, stopping at Singapore and Hong Kong. Without being the least pedantic, the author explains many terms which she uses—such as Choata Hazari, which apparently is breakfast—and many Chinese terms and customs. On we go to Manila, where we are given a glimpse of Filipino life quite surprising with its touch of "Americanism." After the excursion to the Philippines comes another trip to "far Cathay," this time visiting Canton and Shanghai. Then comes Japan—beautifully described. One seems almost to be travelling with Miss Kent, along the clean, well-kept streets, in a jinrickisha, to view the making of tatami, which is matting quilted with linen thread. Leaving the Orient we cross the Pacific, making one more stop at Honolulu before reaching home.

If you are not able to make this wonderful journey yourself, we strongly recommend travelling, (as we have done) with Miss Kent in her thoroughly delightful book, and we guarantee you the same enjoyment we have experienced.

The book is published by the Greaves Publishing Company, 154 Nassau Street, New York, and is sold for $1.50.

Mr. Regensburg's "Resignation."

In the JOURNAL of November 2d, Mr. Regensburg publishes an "Open Letter to Mr. Hanson," in which he claims that he did send me his resignation from the Executive Committee on August 17th, and "that it caused your sudden decision to remove me from the Executive Committee"

I should not reply to this letter, as there is too much of this quarrelling for good of the N. A. D. But as Mr. Regensburg makes it a question of veracity, and as those who do not know me may be in doubt whom to believe, a statement is due.

Mr. Regensburg produces no proof to back his assertions, not even a copy of the resignation he claims to have sent me. I have Mr. Regensburg's letter of August 17th, still in the envelope in which it came, together with the resignation of the Moving Picture Committee. I have all of Mr. Regensburg's letters on file, and he or anyone he may designate is at liberty to go through the files and see if he can find the alleged resignation.

More than this: I have a letter from a member of the Executive Committee stating that he had received a communication from Mr. Regensburg under date of August 23d, in which he offered to vote for Cleveland. Now, Mr. Regensburg, if, as you claim, you sent me your resignation from the Executive Committee on August 17th, why did you on August 23d offer to vote for Cleveland as a member of the same Executive Committee?

As to the "sudden decision" to remove him, the fact is that I had made up my mind to remove him fully two weeks before I mailed him the letter of dismissal on August 21st, and I carried a draft of the letter of dismissal in my pocket a week before sending it. I can prove this by witnesses if required.

But even if the resignation had been received, it would not have been accepted. There was ample ground for my action in the reasons given in the letter of removal. In a personal letter accompanying the letter of dissmissal the motives that governed my action were given in part as follows:

"Mr. O. H. Regensburg—My dear Sir: It is with sincere regert that I write and send you the enclosed letter. But after reading your attacks on me in the JOURNAL I would not be worthy of the office I hold if I allowed it to pass unnoticed. It is not so much your attack on me personally, as your attack on the office which I represent that I must repudiate."

There is more I might say, but this is enough.

OLOF HANSON

SEATTLE, Nov. 12, 1911.

Where Superintendents Fail in Doing their Duty.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—As Fanwood is way outside of the conditions of Southern and Western Schools, I feel that I can jaw Superintendents in your column, with a better grace than I could elsewhere.

Within a few years, seven Superintendents have had "charges" brought against them.

In most of these instances the Superintendents were charged directly, or indirectly, with gross immorality or dishonesty; in some cases, the names of ladies were mentioned as the aiding and abetting parties. In all cases, the discharge of in inefficient, or immoral, employee was the moving cause of the charges; and in *not one case* was evidence brought forward, even tentatively proving the charges. In every case, the Superintendent got a certificate of character from the party, or parties, conducting the investigation.

Yet, in every case, the accuser escaped punishment.

Now, I understand how a Superintendent, after undergoing the vexation, and wrong, of such an investigation, wishes to drop the whole matter and get back to his work, but is it not high time that, in simple justice to his fellow Superintendents, some victim should prosecute the false accuser, civilly, or criminally, for malicious prosecution, defamation of character, slander, or libel either civil or criminal, etc., as the party of the case, and the law of the State, may make most feasible?

WM WADE

OAKMONT, PA. Nov. 17, 1911.

Announces Engagement.

Mrs. Louisa Brown, of Auburn, N. Y., announces the engagement of her daughter, Mary Louisa Brown, to Mr. Carl Gilbert Ayling, of Syracuse, N. Y. —*Register.*

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

LIT. SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly literary meeting of the Lit. took place last Friday evening, the 17th. A pleasing program, as follows, was rendered.

LECTURE—"The Field of Sharpsburg, Md.," Mr. Bryant, '80.

DEBATE—"*Resolved*, That High License is the Best Means of Checking Intemperance. Affirmative, Messrs. Farquhar, '13, and C. Thompson, P. C.; Negative, Messrs. Linde, '13 and Rassmussen, P. C.

DIALOGUE—"Smiling at Grief," Messrs. Struck, '12, and Classen, P. C.

DECLAMATION—"When Old Age Comes On." Mr. Smith, P. C.

After the meeting, the usual social hour afforded an agreeable opportunity for the East and West wings to swap gossip.

LOCAL NOTES

At the conclusion of Mr. Steed's sermon in Chapel Hall last Sunday, our beloved friend and former President, Dr. Gallaudet, stepped upon the platform and made it seem like "days of yore," when he was at the helm here. Dr. Gallaudet is looking, as well as might be expected of an invalid just recovering from an attack of pneumonia. After his talk an informal reception was held in the chapel, and all of his old friends had the pleasure of once more shaking the good Doctor's hand, while the new students were given the opportunity of meeting the benefactor, who made possible their attendance at College.

William Ferdinand Schaefer says he agrees in every respect with Bill Sherman, when the latter pronounces war as "sure Gehenna."

Professor "Longfellow" Pusey recently spent some time in Cumberland, Md., where he is supposed to have gone in his search for local color in connection with his study of Longfellow. We wish the distinguished Professor every success, but we must remark that there seems to be plenty of local color right here in Washington. We ourselves, have seen it in every shade, from coal black to light mulatto.

The following motto has been suggested as appropriate for the Preparatory Class: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the College."

The Kappa Gamma Fraternity is initiating quite a number of candidates these days, and as a result, there are enough grotesque figures prowling around the Green every day to stock a first class dime museum.

The following events are scheduled to take place in the near future:

November 25—Foot-ball at M. A. C.
November 30— " " Freshmen vs. "Rats." (Pending.)
November 28—Dramatic presentation by a Co-ed organization.
December 1—Dance to the Football Team.
December 2—Dramatic presentation by the S. N. D. C.

FOOT-BALL.

Two games have been played here since the last letter; the first contest took place Wednesday afternoon, November 15th, between the Reserves and Central High School, the latter winning. Saturday afternoon a regular scheduled game between the Varsity and Washington College went to a scoreless tie. Both games were exciting enough to please the most fastidious enthusiast. Detailed accounts of both mix-ups are appended below.

RESERVES, 0 C. H. S., 12.

In a game marked by much rough playing and no little unsportsmanlike conduct on the part of the vistors, the Reserves went down in defeat before the heavier Central High School team last Wednesday. All things considered, the Reserves acquitted themselves with much credit. They played a much better defensive game than did the scholastic boys, but were much too light to stop the fast work of the heavy Central backs. They did well on the offensive too, and should have won their game. But bantams cannot be expected to whip buff cochins every time, especially when the latter have just finished whipping vultures. Central has the fastest and heaviest team in its history, and besides beating the strong Maryland Agricultural College team, 12 to 0, has just finished its high school schedule without a defeat, having tied Tech up for championship honors. It is rather pertinent here to note that the Reserves handed Tech a 10 to 0 defeat earlier in the season.

As matters now stand, the Reserves have played two games this season. The first was with Technical High School; the second with Central. The first was a victory and the second a defeat, so the youngsters stand even for the season. It is not likely that another game will be arranged for them this year, as the present week will be devoted to preparing the Varsity for its game with M. A. C. next Saturday.

Gallaudet O.....Washington College O.

In the last home game of the season Gallaudet battled to a nix-less tie with the fast eleven from Washington College, of Chestertown, Md. As is usually the case, Gallaudet gave away weight, the visitors having about five or ten pounds on their hosts. This, together with a couple other reasons explains the score. The field was very slippery, and of course this gave the heavier team an advantage. Then, too, M. A. C. had fives spices over on the Green to get a line on the Varsity. As a result quarter-back Moore was instructed to cover up our most important plays. Had Gallaudet uncorked a few of her thrillers, we can safely say that there would have been a different tale to tell.

Both teams played fierce but clean game, and each succeeded in carrying the ball to its opponent's ten-yard line once, and this was the nearest to scoring that either came. Washington's chance to tally came in the second period, but Gallaudet made one of those stands for which she has become famous this season, and threw the would-be winners for a loss; Roller then punted out of danger. By a series sf sucessful line plunges by Roller; and end runs by the backs, the Kendall Green eleven found its opportunity to push the oval in the fourth period. However, Moore called for a forward pass, which was intercepted; neither team became dangerous after that.

Moore, Foltz and Roller starred on the offensive, while Miller, Decker West and Arras were veritable stone-walls in the line. For the visitors the particularly shining lights were Capt. Porter and quarter-back Jamele.

Manager Anderson had considerable trouble in the matter of officials for the game. Owing to the Georgetown–Virginia game, all the competent men in the city were either engaged for the scrap on the Hill-top, or were too anxious to see the big contest to be tempted by the financial considerations that Gallaudet could offer. Edmonston of Georgetown was finally secured, but Dr. Hotchkiss on the side-lines wanted to report him below 7.5, as he knew about as much about the rules of the game as a mummy. Uncle "Shebby" Harris started out to umpire, but Washington College evidently did not take to his Parliamentary ruling and refused to play unless Uncle "Shebby" resigned. He resigned.

You've got to hand it to that Irishman, "Tawm." When Harris threw up his job as umpire "Tawm" goes into the grand-stand (?) and impresses an M. A. C. spy into service and makes him work as custodian of the players' ethical conduct. Posey, the man in question, afterwards confided to correspondent that he didn't have time to see what Gallaudet had up its sleeves.

Roller is about the most consistent player on the team. He has not been found lacking once this season, whether in practice or matches. In the the last game his punting did much to keep the Buff and Blue goal intact, his long spirals easily outspiralling his opponent's best efforts.

And while we are handing out boquets, "Hob" West and "Chubby" Decker are in the same class as their above-mentioned team-mate. It has to be a mighty husky "husky" who succeeds in passing either of these two sterling linesmen.

About the only official at the Washington game, who didn't have "his troubles," was Struck, head linesman. Barring an over excess of running, following up punts, and a somewhat strenuous time keeping Rassmussen at Gallaudet's end of the ten yard chain from going to sleep, his job was sure a sinecure.

At a recent special meeting of the G. C. A. A. Battiste, our only prize Injun chief handed in his resignation as captain of the football team. The injury the doughty Indian suffered at St. Johns last week has proven more serious than at first thought, and "Bats" will not play again this year. The team's unanimous choice of "Hub" West to fill Battiste's shoes was equally unanimously ratified, and now 'tis "Captain West" if you please. The selection is not only a deserved honor, but also a wise one, and while we congrulate West, we also extend to the eleven our felicitations at their excellent choice.

"On to College Park!" is Captain West's slogan now, and the following week will be devoted to preparation for M. A. C.

Incidentally too, we have just got to have that game. Gallaudet has won two games this year and tied one, while suffering three defeats. The next and last game is all that can save us from an unsuccessful season, so far as cold percentages go. Win, we break even; lose, we fail. "On to College Park!" lads.

EAST WING.

Dr. Gallaudet and his daughter, Miss Kitty, are here in the city as the guests of Mrs. Fisher for a week. Dr. Gallaudet looks very well, considering his recent severe attack of pneumonia. Miss Kitty seems a bit fatter, despite her assertion that she has only gained one pound these past months.

Fully one half of the girls were invited to the surprise party in honor of Mr. Bryant, given by the Frat last Saturday evening, at the Bryant residence.

The other half—the uninvited one—set out to have a good time on their own hook. They visited the Dixie Theatre, and after the show dropped into an ice cream parlor for refreshments. They were quite successful in their endeavors to amuse themselves too.

One or two of the "rats" have revealed a germ of daring courage recently. What did they do? They only wore their hair in braids down their backs, in spite of the threats of terrible punishment from the "uppers."

M. S.

WASHINGTON

The Calvary Baptist Bible Club held its annual business meeting during the latter part of October and elected the following officers for the ensuing year. President, Mr. John T. Flood; Vice-president, Miss Helen Fish: Secretary, Miss Minnie Kipp; Treasurer, Mrs H. S. Edington; Visiting Committee, Mrs. A. D. Bryant and Mrs. E. E. Bernsdorff. Various matters of business were discussed and acted upon, and arrangements were made whereby the monthly socials will be held as formerly, which is the third Wednesday evening of each month from November till June.

The first social of the year was held in the parlors of Calvary Baptist Church, on the evening of November 15th. It was in reality a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harley D. Drake, formerly of Ohio, but who are now connected with Gallaudet College. After appropriate addressess of welcome by Rev. A. D. Bryant, Pres. Flood and Leader Erickson, and a response by Mr. Drake in which he gave an account of his work among the Baptist deaf of Ohio, and of his hopes of continuing the work among the deaf of Washington, the members of the Mission and their friends, sixty strong, gathered around Mr. and Mrs. Drake and vied with one-another in bidding them welcome, after which refreshments were served.

Several of the local Baptists went over to Baltimore, the 3d of November, to attend the Oyster Supper and Bazaar given by the Baptist Mutes of the Monumental City. Those who went over were: Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Keyser, Mesdames Souder and Edington and Misses Dailey and Edington. They report as having had a very pleasant visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Edington invited a few of their friends to help them celebrate the twenty-third anniversary of their wedding, which occurred on the thirteenth of November.

We are authorized to announce the forthcoming marriage of Miss Frances Nicol, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nicol, of Baltimore, Md., to Mr John Courtney of this city. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride in Baltimore, on the twenty-ninth of November, Rev. D. E Moylan of the Methodist Mission, officiating. After the ceremony Mr. Courtney and his bride will spend their honeymoon with friends in Elliott City, Md., after which they will take up their residence in Washington, where Mr. Courtney has a lucerative position with the Capital Traction Company. Here's wishing them a long, happy and prosperous wedded life.

Mr. J. Clarence Dowell's modus operandi after business hours these balmy autumnal evenings, is on wheels—roller skates, to be exact. He's an expert at this, as most portly gentlemen are, as long as he sticks to plain skating, but when he goes in for fancy stunts, well if you take a look at the cracks in the in pavement in the vicinity of 15th and T Street, N. W., you'll know what happens.

Word has been received from Knoxville, Tennessee, announcing the appointment of Miss Carrie King, of this city, to a position as teacher in the Tennessee School for the Deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Roberts have returned home after a couple of weeks' sojourn in New York City. They had a most enjoyable visit and among the many sights they saw Uncle Sams mighty "dogs of war," while they were at anchor on the Hudson.

Rev. A. D. Bryant lectured before the Gallaudet College Literary Society the other evening, and a crowd of the city folks as usual went over to see it. Mrs. Bryant will deliver a lecture before the O. W. L. S. on the evening of December 9th, and will give an account of famous old Deerfield, Mass.

Our faithful old friend, Mr. I. H. Benedict, has weathered his recent sick spell and is now quite strong again, and on nice days may be seen taking his daily constitutional as of yore.

The older generation of the deaf here were shocked when they read the announcement of the death of Mr. James Moylan, in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. Mr. Moylan was a well known figure hereabouts a decade ago, and was liked and respected by all. For his many friends we extend to his widow and children their heartfelt sympathy.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet and daughter, Miss Katherine, are back in Washington, where they will spend the winter. When it was learned that he was to speak to the students at Gallaudet College last Sunday, it can be readily foreseen what a pilgrimage of the local deaf there was to Kendall Green that afternoon.

The first annual bazar given by the ladies of the Baptist Mission will come off the evening of December 1st. Great preparations are being made, and the event is bound to prove a success. Mrs. Bryant is in charge, while Miss Kipp will look after the bank-roll.

There is talk of organizing a card club to help while away some of the long winter evenings. Who's going to start the ball rolling?

Mr. Edward Humphrey who was run over by a street car over a year ago and had one of his arms badly mashed, is having a great deal of trouble with the injured limb, and it is feared that it will have to be amputated.

Miss Maud Edington is the latest of the deaf folks to find employment in Washington's largest department store, Woodward and Lathrop's.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tschiffely, of Gaithersburg, Md., were in town last week to attend the reception to Mr. and Mrs. Drake. Mrs. Tschiffely was taken suddenly ill and had to remain over in the city for a day or two before she was able to return home.

OCCASIONAL.

PITTSBURGH.

"Pittsburgh promotes progress" is the Slogan adopted by the Industrial Commission of the greatest steel city of the world, and the same can be said of the Pittsburgh Local Branch, P. S. A. D. The Branch continues to promote progress, peace and harmony. Last Saturday night was the annual election of officers held at their hall at Washington Bank Building. They held a short but busy session. The most part of the time was spent in discussing by those who afford the plans for the Branch to meet twice a month instead of the monthly meeting. This question will be decided at the January Regular Business meeting. The reports given by the Standing Committees showed such good work done by the Branch during the past year The Branch collected nearly $503, and it is expected that the Donation Day" Committee will turn into the P. S. A. D. Treasury about a sum of $70. The election of officers resulted that the same old officers were elected by acclamation in each case to serve for another year. The officers are: President, Henry Bardes; Vice-President, T. Gorman; Secretary, F. R. Gray; Treasurer, C. Fritzgess.

Frank Blackhall entertained some of his old schoolmates at his home last Sunday afternoon, and all of the boys had lots to tell of "school times" "and love stories." Soon hunger caused them to get restless, who wondered whether supper would be served for them or not. To their surprise (?) Frank informed them that his parents and sister were out at some friend's home for supper. Who would cook supper? And the boys made a chorus. "Let George do it." And George (Blackhall) did cook supper and washed dishes, etc., without receiving Thanks (?) from the boys, who enjoyed a good supper. Poor George! However, the boys declared that they had such a pleasant little social, that will not be forgotten for a time to come.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Kaiser, daughter of Adolf Kaiser, of North Side to Ralph Fryer, of Vandergrift Heights, Pa., took place at the bride's home on Wednesday, November 1st. The rector of St. Thomas Lutheran Church, North Side, officiated, having Mr. A. W. Downing to assist as the interpreter. The bride was attended by Miss Rosa Cariher, the bridesmaid, who was gowned in pink silk mousseline, having a bunch of pink roses fastened. The bride wore a very pretty dress of white satin and carried a bunch of white roses The groom's brother, George Fryer, was the best man. Only the immediate relatives and a few friends were present. After the ceremony, a wedding supper was served, and in the midst of the supper the wedded couple left in haste to catch the train for Vandergrift, Pa. Among the deaf friends who were present were Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Baker, Misses Marie Smith, Myrtle Zelch, and Messrs. Frank Blacdhall and Royal Durian. Mr. Ralph Fryer has a good position in the mills of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Co., at Vandergrift. Heartfelt congratulations and best wishes for good luck in their new life, from the JOURNAL readers.

Miss Rosa Cariher arranged a party to be given at the home of Mrs. Zelch, of Mt. Washington, on October 28th, to surprise Walter Bosworth, who was escorted to the party by Frank Blackhall. The party was composed of Misses Constance Blackhall, Viola and Myrtle Zelch, E. Boyd, Emily Appel, Young, A. Green, and Gertrude Davies, and V. Dunn, F. Holliday, P. Schroedel, W. Zelch, Geo. Davies, George and Frank Blackhall, and W. Bosworth. Miss Cariher showed herself a good leader and put the crowd through some amusing games, and the most laughable game was the "Tug of War," consisting of tying a bit of marshallow in the middle of a string. They had to see who could chew up the string the quickest and get the candy. In the dining room there were fruits of the season in abundance, dainty refreshments, even lots of "Jack-o-Laterns" decorated the room, and the party went through the mill at the table with good appetite. Miss E. Boyd, the recent addition to the "Camera Fiends" Club, took a picture of the party with a flash-light.

Miss E. Boyd, of East End, invited ome friends to spend Hallowe'en night at her house, and this party went out to take part in the jolly times with the "Mummers" in their carnival parades The party, returning back to Miss Boyd's house, continued to take in all the fun started and given by Miss Boyd. It was late in the night that the party felt tired and started for their own homes, but anyhow they managed to get home all right and express their gratitude to Miss Boyd for entertaining them so nicely.

Rev. Mr. Smielau was in Pittsburg, Sunday morning, and held the Holy Communion Services, and preached an interesting sermon on "Neighbourly Love," at Trinity Parish House Chapel. At the close of the service, he left for Greensburg, Pa, where he was to preach in the afternoon.

Miss Tenie Kornblum, sister of the well known deaf-mute of this city, Michael Kornblum, started for New York City last week, to meet her old friends and will be absent for about two weeks.

Mrs. W. L. Sawhill, and her daughter Luella and little Hugh, came back to Swissvale, Pa., last week, after the vacation spent in Ohio. Mrs. J. Mott Woolsey, of Ciucinnati, O., was their guest for a few days. Mrs. E. S. Havens (Sarah Cottrell) had her old classmate, Mrs. Woolsey, to sup with her at her house last Thursday, evening.

Announcement of the death of Horace C. Button was received among the deaf community in this city with surprise, but then it was not learned until after the funeral services. For a time his health had been failing, and the end came on Nov. 8th at Cleveland, O His remains were brought to the city for burial. The cause of death was due to some kind of trouble in his throat. Mr. Button was a graduate of the West. Penna. Inst. for the Deaf, and went to live in Kentucky and afterwards in Ohio.

Mr. Frank R. Gray, of North Side, was called to the death bed of his aged father in Illinois, and he left this city yesterday for home. Many friend express their sympathy for Mr. Gray upon the loss of his father.

AN INQUIRY TO "NEW ENGLAND NOTICES"

Are the wives and husbands of graduates and "Exes" to be encluded at the banquet to be given to Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet? If not, I would suggest that the Banquet Committee reconsider its decision for the following reasons:

1. It is the 124th Anniversary of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founder of the first school for the deaf in America.

2. It is not an Alumus Banquet.

3. Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President Emeritus, favors co-education.

4. Of the general interest that is felt for both Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet and his father.

I would also suggest that the New England Gallaudet Association should insist upon it, for the wives and husbands, who would consider it an honor to pay a tribute to the son of their benefactor.

"A BOSTONION."

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY, St. Peter's College, 144 Grand Street.—Instruction and Services, at 3 P.M., on the second Sunday of the month.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P. M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of

REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at the Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue.

REV. DR. B. A. ELZAS,
Minister.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

THE LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS.

Just because very little of late has been mentioned in the JOURNAL of the doings of the League of Elect Surds, many have formed the impression that it is slumbering, hence this chronicling is to show that such is far from the truth and that the organization is very much alive.

At the last monthly meeting the attendance was large, only two were absent.

The Treasurer's report showed it was financially sound. During the year it has paid relief to several members when they were sick.

The final report of the Outing held last summer at Ulmer Park Athletic Field showed that the total receipts far exceeded those of previous years

The League of Elect Surds has re-engaged Ulmer Park Athletic Field for August 3d, 1912, to hold its annual Outing and Games, and as they always have striven to please, they anticipate continued patronage by their deaf and hearing friends.

A nominating Committee was appointed to report at the next meeting in December. The Annual Meeting will be held in January, when new officers are to be elected.

This year, New Year's Eve falls on Sunday, therefore, at the last meeting it was resolved to hold the Annual Watch Night on Saturday night, December 30th, 1911. The Entertainment Committee, Messrs. Max Miller, Charles J. Le Clercq and Emanuel Souweine, will arrange for the talkfest and other things, which has made the annual event very enjoyable and very popular with the Surds, and has been copied by other organizations within the part few years. The Surds have kept up the custom from the start, and there is no likelihood of they abandoning it, and it is predicted this year's affair will be as largely attended and enjoyed as any held heretofore.

The League of Elect Surds is not an insurance organization. It is simply a benevolent or fraternal Society to promote the welfare of its members and other deaf-mutes. More particularly it is designed to elevate the moral tone of the members, to cultivate feelings of friendship between them, to render needed assistance to them and their families, and to form a bond of union between them, and afford an organization whereby they may act together for the common good. After joining the League of Elect Surds, members pay fifty cents monthly, there is no other assessment except when banquets or "Stags" are held. The members when sick receive relief of five dollars a week, and on the death of a member $25, or $50, according to the member's standing, is paid to his widow or nearest of kin.

In February next the League of Elect Surds will install new officers with a banquet, and incidentally enter upon its twenty-fourth year, and the year following will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, and then—of course, look forward to its golden anniversary in 1938.

The powers that preside over the mirth and jollity of the Hollywood Fraternity, decreed that the Fraternity have a banquet to celebrate—to celebrate the—er, ah, well to celebrate the fact that the next day was Election Day, and they didn't have to get up so early in the morning. So the Entertaining Committee hustled over to Monsieur Pachteau in Harlem, and prevailed upon that boniface to set forth a table in one of the many banquet halls and order his scullery brigade to bestir themselves and juggle something better than the usual transparent table d'hote masquerading under French nom de guerre. That Monday, November 6th, was a wild, wintry night. The wind howled through the telephone wires and the week's wash flapped dismally in the rain-lashed backyards. It was a night to stay home and wrap one's self around the lukewarm radiators, left-handedly blessing the janitor down to his tenth generation. Thirteen faithful Frats, with husky appetites, abandoned their firesides and hotfooted it Harlemwards. They slipped into Monsieur Pachteau's front door, dripped upstairs, shed their mackintoshes and slid into their chairs. All were resplendent in claw-hammer regalia, all except our sad brother, Deacon Jones, who left his glad rags behind, but brought along his appetite. How the garcons and the boniface cheered that appetite! Towards the end of the menu it increased, rather than diminished, and well it might. We who are weary of reading menus, will spare the hungry reader the sight of ours. It was a highly indigestible menu, and therefore expensive, but it was certainly very good, though Merry Campbell of the Entertaining Committee found fault with the garlic in the spaghetti. Everybody else waded through from soup to Camembert and what came after, and found no cause for complaint. When the table was cleared off and the huge punch bowl brought in, brimming with Pachteau's best vineyard product and adorned inside and out with the fruits of all the earth, the flow of oratory began. Some made two speeches, others three. They congratulated themselves, their appetites, the Fraternity, the garcons on the size of their tips, M. Pachteau, and the lone policeman shivering on the corner. It was a highly edifying literary feast that followed hard on the cafe noir, and far into the wee sma' hours of the morning when they reached their homes, their muscles aching with the strenuousness of the last recitation nsemble of the Star Spangled Banner, the Marseillaise, and finally Auld Lang Syne. We almost forgot to say that, at the dinner, new officers were pompously installed to sway the destinies of the Fraternity for a year and a day.

At half-past eight by Saturday's clock, Lillie finished a walk round the block, and when she opened the parlor door, a surprise awaited as never before; since on sofa, stool and every chair, were all her friends gathered there, in honor of her for something or other, and what it was, we need not bother.

Various kinds of games were played, enjoyable alike to man and maid—to tell of them here, would be a miss, since most the forefeits were a bliss. Cards and gossip for a while helped the hours to beguile, and thus things went till was time for all to come and form in line, and find their seats and then eat hearty of the good things always at a party.

When Miss Lindhoff ended her little speech, Marshall passed everything in reach, while Lizzie Maclaire poured the wine, which really tasted very fine, the same about the salads and cake, better than mother used to make, and to whom is due this tasty treat, none other than Nettie, demure and sweet. Though there was not any flowing bowl, there was some flow of wit and soul; first Alice Judge, comely and learned, told all about how Rome was burned. Frank Fluhr cracked a joke or two that chummed with Noah, when they were new; Louise Turner spun a tale of Manomet and its whale, Harry Hester with a grin, started to tell, but couldn't begin, Anna Bonoff has us laughing yet, over her parody of a suffragette, William Renner did relate incidents of a trip up-State, next readings by two little dears, named Ruby Beir and Fanny Mears, Townsend proved Johnny-on-the-spot, re motors, carburettors and what not; it did not take Agnes Craig long to recite her favorite cradle song. Then George Rau pictured his dream of angling in a country stream, while Walter Taylor a story told of some bad pirates and their gold. Peter Kempf also wanted his say, so discussed events of the day, Hannah Frey, not to be left alone, mimicked a man at the telephone, followed by her brother who told us why the sun and stars were in the sky.

Frank Nimmo looked at his watch and said it was nigh time to be in bed, and all agreed that he was right, so began to bid each other goodnight, put on their hats and talked some more about things and subjects by the score; but the clock ticked off an hour or so, before any one made a move to go. Well, at last they started with every one contented and happy after the evening's fun.

Over in the Bronx there are a few bowling enthusiasts, and among them is one who promises to develop into a star some day. Charles Schatzkin is rapidly mastering the balls and lately carried off the honors of the evening with four out of five games and rolliing a high score of 180, which is good for a novice. Speaking of the game, one wonders who are the crack bowlers in deafdom. Walter Taylor, of Brooklyn, claims he insually does 275 with curved balls, but would do better with straight shots. This is phenomenal and would put him in a class by himself. Frank Fluhr, also from over the bridge, speaks like a veteran bowler and may be can roll like one. The alleys in Mount Vernon used to echo with the crash of pins when Merry Campbell was around, till one day it was a crash of glass instead, when his ball shot skyward and brought down the chandelier, half a dozen yards of plaster besides the wrath of the proprietor. Scotty has not bowled since, and it is presumed he preferred to retire on these laurels, as such a performance is unparalleled in the annals of the sport. Will Renner can make some pretty strikes and spares when the pins are obliging, and over on Washington Heights Afred Stern used to roll high scores till he began to aim at the pins. Yonkers can boast of Chester Q. Mann, who knocked them down amazingly in his younger days and may still have the knack. New Jersey can also boast J. Black, Kees and others, it is said, who can give good account of themselves. The Hollywood boys are thinking of arranging a bowling tournament in the the near future. It would be good if each society and organization of the deaf around New York could enter four-man teams, snd there could also be individual contests for highest scores and for average.

What say you readers, who take an interest in this indoor sport?

A dozen members of Scranton's St. Thomas Ephpheta Society, headed by the six-foot, intelligent, broad-shouldered, handsome president, John Harrington, were guests of the Xavier Ephpheta Society last Sunday. Reaching town ere the populace was fully awake, the Ephphetans from Penn. attended seven o'clock Mass at St. Francis Xavier's, Father McCarthy being celebrant. Breakfast followed, and having acquired a sense of security on little old New York soil, the party were taken in tow by a committee of the local Ephphetans. Grant's Tomb and St. Joseph's Institute were inspected and a good dinner served at the latter The afternoon service at St Francis Xaviers, where the Scrantonians greeted abont two hundred Ephphetans, completed a well-spent day.

Miss Nora Joyce entered the spot light as hostess evening of Nov. 19, with a supper and reception to the officers and a few invited friends of the Xavier Ephpheta Society Assisting her were Misses Haggerty and Butler, forming a trio of very happy and intelligent home-makers, with a cozy apartment on West Sixteenth St. Supper was served at 7 o'clock, the menu and service being A1. Between then and the time for adjournment, when ice cream was on the programme, the company were entertained by Joseph Schmidt and Julius Kieckers, comedians of merit. Miss Swartz also added to the merriment by introducing a spry little mouse, whose antics created havoc among some of the more timid ladies.

Prof. John M. O'Donnell, of St. Josephs Institution, will lecture on the "Life" and work of Mme Boucher's greatest life work, which was the founding of the Catholic School for the deaf. Besides the lecture, a handsome souvenir will be given to each one attending Dancing will follow the lecture, with music, at Vera Cruz Hall, 305 E 23d Street, Thanksgiuing Eve., November 29th, at 8 P.M.

Mrs. N. Spink, of Hoboken, N. J., visited Mrs. Wm. E. Smith, of Highlands, N. J., on November 1st, remaining with her four days and spent a very enjoyable time while there. Mrs. N. Spink had the pleasure of having some beautiful drives with Mrs. Smith and her two daughters. Mrs. Spink and Mrs. Smith have been friends for 24 years. Mrs. Spink expects to visit Mrs. Smith again and spend the holidays with them.

Mr. Jesse H. Kenyon, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., who was a guest of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dunlap, attended the Brooklyn Guild's Charity Ball. He also attended St. Ann's Church and called on several friends in the great metropolis. He intends to come again to attend the Union League Ball, also the one to be held at the Imperial Hall in Brooklyn.

A "Solomon Grundy Party," is to be held at the Women's Hebrew Association on the evening of December 12th, at eight o'clock. The admission, including refreshments, will be twenty-five cents.

It will only cost fifty cents to attend the supper and honor Isaac Lewis Peet's memory, on the anniversary of his birth, evening of December 4th. The affair is to be held in St. Ann's Guild Room.

Charles C. McMann is again in New York after several months spent in California, Mrs. McMann and her little boy will soon rejoin him here.

Miss Rose Wolffson, a former pupil of the Lexington Avenue School, died suddenly, on Saturday morning, November 11th, and was buried on the following Monday.

Miss Charlotte M. Croft, who has been in the Philippines for a year or so, is now residing in New York City.

Don't forget Dr. Fox's lecture, in the Guild Room of St. Ann's, on Saturday evening, November 25th.

Samuel Cohen has now got a permanent position with a Chicago publishing firm, as proof reader.

The engagement of Miss Annie E. Woolston, of New Jersey, to Mr. Henry L. Bertine, is announced.

Rehearsals for the Christmas Tree Festival, at St. Ann's, on December 27th, have begun.

A report of the Brooklyn Guild Ball will appear next week.

Diocese of Connecticut.

Rev. G. H. Heffion, Minister in charge.

SERVICES FOR NOVEMBER-DECEMGER

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays, 3:30 P.M.

Waterbury—St. John's Church, first and third Sundsys, 7 P.M.

Bridgeport—St. Paul's Church, second Sundays, 7 P.M.; fourth Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

New Haven—St. Paul's, second Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

Springfield, Mass.—Christ Church, first Sundays, 10:45 A.M.

Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church, third Sundays, 10:45 A.M.

Address of pastor, Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

11-18-'11—The Cleveland Association of the Deaf remembered Rev. and Mrs. B. R. Allabough with a beautiful aluminum coffee percolater as a wedding gift. The presentation was made Hallowe'en, and about one hundred of the deaf were present and they extended a rousing welcome to the newcomer to the Forest City. The social was piloted by the irrepressible, Harry McCann and he did things in away to reflect credit upon himself, and those who assisted him. As a result the treasury of the association holds eighteen dollars more now. Those in charge of the various booths were: Mrs. Elmer Bates, Gypsy fortune telling; Shooting doll figures, Mr. John Miller; Doll picking contest, Mrs. Fred Krull; Pinning contest, Miss Mauda Powers; Picking lucky number from Hallowe'en cards, Miss Lillian Peet. Prizes were given to the winners.

A social was given Saturday evening by Rev. Allabough at Grace Church, to which about seventy of the Cleveland deaf lent their presence. When it came to serving ice-crem, through an error of the Company furnishing it, one third of the guests had to go without the delicacy. However, they bore the delinquency with grace.

The Cleveland Ladies' Aid Society will give a benefit for Home for Aged at the Sorosis rooms, No. 202 Old Arcade on Superior Avenue. The hall at Goodrich House is not available on holidays, so through the good graces of Mrs. Bates, the Sorosis room was secured. Admission to the social will be fifteen cents. Refreshments will be served, and every one who attends will be sure to have an enjoyable time as games will be provided to entertain those in attendance.

Mr. Elmer Bates, who is quite sick, was remembered by the C. A. D. with a large bunch of chrysanthemums, accompanied by a letter of sympathy for himself and Mrs. Bates. Such little acts, while small in themselves, go a great way to make one feel kindlier for our fellow beings. They help one to bear the misfortunes mankind is subject to, easier. It was a graceful act on the part of the C. A. D. to thus remember those who have their interests at heart.

It has been a month or more since the announcement, was made through the JOURNAL that Cleveland was decided upon as the place for holding the next N. A. D. meeting. Thus far the Cleveland Association of the Deaf, on whom will fall the burden of entertaining the members of the Convention, has received no official notice to that effect from the proper officers of the N. A. D. Probably it is assumed that the mere announcement of the fact through the JOURNAL is sufficient. Our friends up there think otherwise, and will not assume the risk until given notice by the head of the N. A. D., or some one in authority, and in this we think they are right. Get a move on you Mr. President, in this matter, and allow minor subjects of little consequence wait.

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* gets off the following in a recent issue:

Elmer Bates tells this story at the expense of Mrs. Bates, who is one of the most active workers in the city along philanthropic lines.

Mrs. Bates was for many years a teacher in a deaf school, and naturally her sympathies go out to the non-hearing. The other day at a club meeting, she was called upon to tell something of her work among the deaf in Cleveland. She responded somewhat reluctantly, since the recital necessarily involved so much of the personal element. At the conclusion, she was a little confused and betrayed a heightened color.

"And please tell me, Mrs. Bates," spoke up a grande dame, loftily, "do these people, the deaf persons, appreciate your labors on their behalf?"

"Indeed they do," was the enthusiastic reply. "Why, do these poor deaf the slighest favor, and their ears will be full of tears."

Mr. Peter Gilooley donated three hundred pennants to the Holy Name Society of Wheeling, which had a parade last Sunday. They were all sold at fifteen cents each. The proceeds will be used for the rebuilding of the Home of the Good Shepherd.

An inkling of winter was experienced last Sunday, when upon awakening people found nearly an inch of snow on the ground, and the weather quite cold. The day previous one felt comfortable without an overcoat. Tuesday forenoon, there was another fall of snow, about two inches deep.

There was a football game on the Institution grounds, Saturday afternoon, between the Printer and Baker boys. The game was exciting throughout, and resulted in favor of the metal slingers 10 to 0.

Supervisor Toomey, with Mr. Wm. Wheeler, gave the residents of the Home a Sunday talk, last Sunday. It was Mr. Wheeler's first visit to the place, and he had no idea he would find such a pleasant and comfortable home the Ohio deaf have provided. He was greatly impressed with the work the Buckeye deaf have done and are doing for their aged and infirm people.

Mr. Ohlemacher began his classes in physical instruction, Tuesday. The work was delayed a couple of weeks, on account of the warm weather.

Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. C. B. Jones, Misses Rodman, Jones, Buchanan, Biggam, Gould, Druggan, Dresback, Gomoll and Wunderlin, journeyed up to the north end of the city Saturday afternoon, and gave Miss Mary Winans, who for a number of years overlooked their work in the bindery, a surprise. Their visit was welcomed and enjoyed by their host, and during their stay bindery lore formed the chief topic. The ladies had brought well-filled baskets of edibles along, and a spread with the host and her mother as guests was served. Miss Winans, from her savings in the bindery, was enabled to lay by enough to purchase a small tract of land and build a fine home upon it. Here she has lived the past three years, caring for her blind and aged mother, who is now in her 86th year.

Mr. Herman Eskens, of Cincinnati, was a Columbus visitor for several days this week, and called at the school to see his friends, Monday, with John Kraus.

John Marchant, of Marion, O., and Miss Flora Newman, of Dayton, Ky., were married last Monday.

A. B. G.

ST. LOUIS.

J. H. May,—5851 Von Versen Ave St. Louis, Mo.

The many friends of Rene J. Schneider will regret to learn of his death, which took place Saturday, November 4th, on the old homestead, near Nealville, Ill. He had been in ill health for a long time, and when he decided to leave the city for the farm he was not yet well, but he entertained high hopes of a speedy recovery.

After his arrival in the country he felt in fine spirits and believed he would ere long be in blooming health, but, alas! death claimed him sooner than he expected.

Before he died he made an agreement with Charles Haig to lease the farm on half shares. Mr. Haig and his wife had already moved on the place, but now that Rene is dead, plans are somewhat upset, and their future is uncertain.

The remains of Mr. Rene J. Schneider were brought to this city and taken to the magnificent chapel of the Wagoner Undertaking Company, where the body lay in state and was viewed by sorrowing friends.

A large number of beautiful floral wreaths banked the coffin. The chapel was half full of friends, who came to take a last look.

The following Tuesday morning, November 7th, the funeral took place, and the remains were interred in the family lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery. A large crowd attended the funeral march the evening before.

Rev. Mr. Cloud conducted appropriate services, and the pall-bearers were all deaf-mutes.

The deceased was married fifteen years, and leaves a wife but no children. Before her marriage Mrs. Schneider's maiden name was Miss Leolia McHose. Our sympathies are extended to the bereaved widow.

Another death took place in our silent circles. This time the Grim Reaper swooped down on Jefferson Stranghan, a deaf-mute aged fifty years. He formerly attended school at Jacksonville, Ill. He had been sick a long time, and died of phthisis of the throat. In his last hours his throat became so clogged up that he could not eat, drink, or talk. He had been a faithful employee of the Anheuser-Busch Brewery for twenty-seven years. He married fourteen years ago, and leaves a wife and two children, the oldest a boy eight years old, while the youngest is a beautiful girl four years old. The latter is a deaf-mute.

Jefferson Stranghan departed this life Monday, November 6th. He and his wife never mingled with the local deaf; they preferred hearing associates The remains were taken to his old home in St Genevieve County, Mo., and interred in the family lot. Mrs. Stranghan and child will live for a time with her brother-in-law.

John G. Oberbeck recently departed for California, where he went for the benefit of his health. It is believed he will never return here.

The second daughter recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blevins is named Grace Blevins. That is a real happy family.

A large crowd attended the moving picture show given Sunday afternoon, November 12th, at 901 N. Garrison Avenue.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Saturday evening, November 18th, a surprise birthday party was given to Mr. John A. Roach at the home of Miss Alice E. Donohne on North Camac Street. A simple ruse was adopted by Miss Donohue to ward off suspicion on the part of Mr. Roach that the affair was planned in his honor. While all the other guests had been made wise, Mr. Roach only had been invited to attend a card party at the lady's home on the evening mentioned. When the parlor was filled, Miss Donohue came forward and announced the party to be in honor of Mr. Roach's birthday. The abruptness of the announcement caused the gentleman's face to assume a crimson hue, which presently grew worse as a small card table was brought in laden high with gifts. To say the least, Mr. Roach appeared embarassed as he began to unwrap the packages while the guests looked on and applauded as each gift was exhibited. He bowed his thanks to each donor and seemed a very happy man. After this amusing games were indulged in by every one present and the evening passed off most pleasantly. Afterwards the guests were invited to the dining-room and treated to an appetizing luncheon of fried oysters and the things that usually accompany such a diet. A flash-light picture was taken of the party and and it was not until the "wee sma" hours of the morning that the guests dispersed for their homes. Among the guests present besides Miss Donohue and her sisters, Mary C. and Magaret, were Mrs. Persis L. Bowden, Miss Helena L. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Riegler, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Reider, Miss Helen R. Nickel, Miss Matilda M. O'Neill, Miss Fanny Stuckert, Miss Mae E. Stemple and Messrs. John A. Roach Edwin Nies, Alex. McGhee and Edward Strecker.

Mrs. Elizabeth Eyre Roop, widow of the late Joseph A. Roop, passed into rest on Saturday night, November 18th, shortly after eleven o'clock. She had been suffering with heart trouble for the last few years and spent most of her time at home, as a trip around the city almost always caused an attack of the trouble. On Saturday morning she appeared in her usual spirits, but then suddenly changed from an attack which rendered her unconscious and she remained so until the end. Few deaf had heard the sad news before the service at All Souls' Church on Sunday afternoon, and when it was made known, it caused deep gloom among her many friends.

Both Mrs. Roop and her late husband were among the most respected deaf of this community, and both had given active and efficient service to the work of All Souls' in their time, remaining faithful until their days were numbered. Even when ill-health prevented her attendance at the church, her support of it continued as regularly as before. She will always be remembered for her loyalty to the church, her excellent character and sociable disposition. One of her favorite pastimes was photography and she displayed much skill in making group pictures. She was also skillful with the needle, a methodical housekeeper, and a devoted mother that any son could be proud of having. Her loss will be deeply felt here. One son survives her, Mr Albert A. Roop, who has just reached his maturity and seems to have a promising future. He is employed in a banking house.

We tender our sincerest sympathy to Mr. Roop and the family in their great bereavement.

We have another death to record. Mr. Daniel McLaughlin died at the Episcopal Hospital on Friday night, November 17th. He had been afflicted with consumption, which was the cause of death, we believe. Little is known of him, but the saddest part is that he seemed alone in his last days, having come here from another State.

A surprise birthday party was given to Mrs. Tina F. Wilson by her husband, George B. Wilson, on Saturday evening, November 18th. A most enjoyable time was passed in games. Before refreshments were served two flash-light pictures were taken of the party by Mr. Henry Freimel. Mrs. Wilson was pleasantly remembered with several beautiful gifts. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Wilson and two children, Jennie and Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Roy D. Keeney and daughter Estella, Mr. and Mrs. James Young, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Menendez, Miss Eva G. Coxe, of Wilmington, Del., Mrs. Katie Hoopes, Mrs. Katie Pachtman, Miss Susan Murphy, Miss Siema Silnutzer, Mr. James Oakes, Mr. Alexander McGhee, Mr. Edward Metzel, Mr. Amos Hartsough, Mr. Henry Friemel and Mrs. Jennie Jones, mother of Mrs. Wilson.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer was taken ill in the early part of last week and had not recovered sufficiently to take his duties at All Souls' last Sunday. We are glad to say that he is expected to be about soon again.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Young were remembered with Bermuda postcards last week, by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. W. Thomas, of Yonkers, N. Y., who are at present visiting the Islands.

Mrs. Geo. B. Wilson visited Miss Eva G. Cope in Wilmington, Del., recently.

This week, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, is the time of All Souls' Bazaar and a busy, good, and enjoyable time is anticipated. The bazaar will be open from 2 to 10 o'clock P.M. on each day. We all hope to make a great success of it. Unusual preparations have been made for it and it ought to beat anything of the kind we have attempted before. It is up to you, our deaf, to make it so. Come and join the merry crowd.

November 30th, Thanksgiving Day, service at All Souls' at 10.30 A.M. A free social will be given in the evening at All Souls' Hall.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3:00 P.M. November 30th, Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3:00 P.M. November 26th, Holy Communion.

NOVEMBER 26TH.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion. Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 P.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class—Immediately after services.

Clerc Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary*, W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St., Mr. George Schafer, Lay-Reader. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas, Mission, Church of the Good Shepherd, 6th and I St., N. E. Mr. H. C. Merrill, Lay-Reader. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M., Miss Robina Tillinghast, Teacher. Services, every Sunday, 3 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Bible Class Meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M., Mr. R. L. Chiles, Teacher.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gainne Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

Appointments for November 1911

NOVEMBER.

26—10:45 A.M., Trinity Parish, Boston, Mass.

26—3:00 P.M., Chapel of All Saints', Worcester, Mass.

26—3:00 P.M., Trinity Church, Haverhill, Mass.

Lay-Reader A. S. Tufts will officiate in the chapel of All Saints', Worcester November 27th, at 3:00.

At other places by appointment.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE,
Lay-Missionary.
182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(*Interdenominational*)

BOSTON.

Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M., First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W. Brookline St. and Warren Ave., Boston (Roxbury Crossing, or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, or Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.)

SALEM.

Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., Second, Third, and Fourth Sundays. each month, excepting July and August, 2:15 P.M.

NEW ENGLAND CITIES.

Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointments.

E. CLAYTON WYAND,
Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.
Residence:
Winchester Sta., Boston.
To these services all are welcome.

A Thoughtful Office Boy.

The office boy looked at the persistent lady artist, who calls six times a week and said firmly:

"The editor's still engaged."

"Tell him that doesn't matter. I don't want to marry him."

"I haven't the heart to tell him, Miss. He's had several disappointment to-day."

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

Cadwallader Washburn.

MINNEAPOLIS ARTIST SURVIVED REVOLUTION AND SHIPWRECK; IS NOW GOING DEER HUNTING.

Cadwallader Washburn, one of the foremost artists of the country and a son of Senator Washburn of Minneapolis, is in the city visiting with Jay Cooke Howard.

The two men are intimate friends of long standing. They attended Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C., together and were roommates while attending school.

Both are deprived of their hearing, but despite this handicap they will join the already large throng of nimrods who have sought the northwoods in quest of the fleet-footed deer and moose. They will hunt in Lake country for a short time. Mr. Howard stated yesterday afternoon that they haven't great expectations of bagging much game, but that they are going to make a determined effort to get the limit, nevertheless. They will be followed by the best wishes of scores of friends. Mr. Washburn expects to return to Minneapolis early next week.

WAR AND RHIPWRECK.

Mr. Washburn has spent two winters in Mexico in the pursuit of his profession, and he writes most highly of the country, its architecture and its people. He was there at the time the recent revolution broke out and was compelled to flee for his life. He managed to gain an outbound ship successfully with his possessions, which he treasured highly, among them being many pieces of his work of many months, only to lose them in a collision at sea.

In an article which he wrote for the *Print-Collector's Quarterly*, he describes his experiences graphically and in a most interesting manner. He states in part:

"I was happy and greatly relieved when Vera Cruz was safely reached and I saw the fruits of my two months' work, including canvasses and fifty copperplates, safely deposited on the staunch deck of the good ship Merida. Relief was the prevalent feeling of many refuges, who, with their families and all their worldly fortunes, hailed with joy the sailing of the Merida.

"Ideal and restful was the journey until the night of May 12. At midnight I was awakened by an indescribable scrunching, rending crash, and knew instantly we were the victims of a collision. I hastily slipped into the nearest raiment I could find and rushed out. Within a minute all the lights were extinguished, and realizing that the ship's vitals had been assailed I hastily returned for a life preserver before making my way on deck.

"The throng was orderly and under perfect control. Seeing that one side of the ship was swarming with passengers, mostly half-clad, and believing that the chances of escape might be more promising on the other side. I hastened over and slipped down a dangling rope ladder to a boat; but as I reached the last rung a big black wave lifted the boat and tossed it so far away that I had no hope of getting to it. I was compelled to clamber back up the ladder and to the deck again. By that time the last boat was being lowered on the other side, filled with passengers. I reached the davits only to realize that the boat was below my reach. Believing this to be my last chance to escape from the fast sinking steamer I made a desperate jump clear of the deck, clutched the rope and slid down among the passengers.

BOAT IS DROPPED.

"Unfortunately, the discending boat caught immediately against the ridges of the steamer's side, and there was imminent danger of its tipping over and all of use dropping into the water. By strenuous endeavors, however, using the oars as levers, we managed to get the boat within six feet of the sea. Then we found that we had reached the end, nothing else to do, a signal was given to let go, and we dropped like a shot into the water, and were soon drifting through the heavy fog toward the Admiral Farragut which had rammed us.

"We reached the Farragut and got on board, but found that this streamer had been so badly injured by the collision that the cargo had been shifted to avoid the inrush of water. We were advised not to part with our life-preservers. In spite of these dreary admonitions, men, women and even little children exhibited the greatest self-control and patience, but it was an anxious hour before the wireless made good its connection with an unseen friend fifty miles away. Then we settled down, greatly relieved, if very much on the bias, to await the promised aid.

"Wet, cold and exhausted, my companion, William Archer, the English journalist, and myself sought out a warm spot in the coal bins and subsided for an hour's rest. At 5 A. M. Capt. Robertson of the Merida joined us with the announcement that his boat had taken her final plunge to the bottom of the sea. I thought of the many months of happy labor that were summed up on my copperplates and canvases and for a moment a regretful thought followed the lost ship. But day had come, two boats were on the horizon hurrying to our rescue, and I am sure that to the men, women and children, though shivering with cold and bereft of their possessions, life seemed very good at that mo, ment."—*Duluth Evening Herald-Nov. 11, 1910.*

The Gallaudet and Garfield Assemblies Forge Ahead.

The Gallaudet and Garfield Assemblies of California have amicably withdown from the Order of Americans and joined the Order of Goldon Seal, a rich and strong Society operating under the laws of the State of New York.

This step was decided upon in accordance with a wish to take advantage of an opening in the fraternal world whereby the prospects of the deaf could be improved.

The deaf assemblies have been in existence for seven years and made an enviable record in the Order of Americans.

At the same time, the members made a careful and continual study of inaurance matters and came to the conclusion that the rates founded on the American. Eperience Table are the safest and best. The old line companies operate by this table, which, by the way, also forms the basis of the business of the Order of Golden Seal.

The negotiations with the New York headquarters covered some time, the deaf making the flat-footed stand that they should under no circumstances be set down as a hazardous class or in any way be considered as different from the hearing people. A compromise was effected on that basis, whereby the Grand Council will insure only up to $1,000, till the Grand Conclave meets and amends the by-laws. This agreement was put down in black and white, under the seal of the Order.

As is well known, the fraternal insurance laws of New York are the strictest and best in the United States. The standing of the Order of the Golden Seal will be understood, when it is mentioned that its reserve fund is nearly three million dollars.

In retiring from the Order of Americans, we can only mention it with gratitude, for we could not have climbed one rung up the ladder if the Americans had not liberally admitted the deaf and so given them an opportunity to prove their worth through a record that, on investigation, proved satisfactory to the New York Society.

The officer of the lodge, now styled camp, will be know as commandant.

ISADORE SELIG,
Former Speaker of the Gallaudet Assembly.

COMMENT

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—California's bold initiative in launching the long delayed Federation plan, under the "beneficent usurpative" leadership of Douglas Tilden, is all right and worthy of the highest commendation. To be truly beneficial in the end, it only requires the united consent of the governed, and I, for one, trust that Mr. Tilden's excellent plan will meet with prompt and hearty responsive support from the powers-that-be.

It appeals to me, as it should to all, for it is a logical and concise presentation of things as they ought to be; comes straight from the shoulder and hits the nail fairly and squarely on the head.

If I, a disinterested onlooker, may be permitted to express my opinion, I beg (at the risk of being accused by the Editor of the crime of "hammering") to take exception to one detail, namely to projected "Committee on Federation Mission to Europe," which I consider a superfluous appendage, entailing, needless financial expense and as being entirely unfeasible. It is "distance that lends enchantment." Federation systems had best be studied in this country, for the deaf are not at all eager to squander their hard-earned cash on wild-goose-missions aboard, which, as like as not, may turn out a fiasco.

Mr. Tilden's plan, while undoubtedly possessing a few minor defects which will be rectified in time, is, however, as a whole, truly democratic in spirit and American in theory, emerging, as it were, vivified by the wind and sun of the Golden West. By all means, let it also be American in *practice* and not labelled as having been "Made in Germany." The American deaf are sufficiently intelligent to be capable of formulating their own code of administration here.

At any rate, there is the correspondence route, which is an adequate medium for the attainment of the end sought.

Are we to be "Creators" or "Creatures?"

Very truly yours,
MARCUS L. KENNER.

The moving picture machine seems to have captured all doubters at the Delavan convention. A number of the prominent deaf of the country were skeptical about the ability of the camera to clearly illustrate a lecture in the sign language, but when an address by Dr. Gallaudet was shown every sign and all the spelling was so plain that there is no longer any question. There is a vast possibility for both usefulness and pleasure in moving pictures for the deaf, and it is predicted that the day is not far distant when all schools will have machines and the exchange of films carried on in so systematic a manner that there will be more benefit to pupils than can now be computed.—*Western Pennsylvian.*

THANKSGIVING EVE
Wednesday, Nov. 29th, 1911

CELEBRATION

Commemorating the 199th Anniversary of the Birth of

Abbe De l'Epee

BY THE

Brooklyn De l'Epee Society

AT THE

Knights of Columbus Institute

Hanson Pl. and S. Portland Ave.
BROOKLYN
Near last Station of Subway

ESSAYS, SPEECHES, ENTERTAINMENT, GAMES AND DANCING

Commencing at Eight P.M.

Come and get acquainted in preparation for 1912 Double Century Celebration

Tickets, - - 25 Cents

SYLVESTER J. FOGARTY,
Chairman

READING

"The Gunmaker of Moscow"

BY DR. THOMAS F. FOX

IN THE

Guild Room of St. Ann's Church

511-513 West 148th St.

Saturday, November 25, 1911

AT 8:15 P.M.

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS

Dance & Sociable

to be given by

New Haven Division No. 25 N. F. S. D.

at

WARNER HALL

1044 Chapel Street
NEW HAVEN, CT.

on

Thanksgiving Eve, November 29, 1911

After midnight various and novel games will be indulged in, for which prizes will be awarded.

25 cents a person. Open all night

COMMITTEE—John J. O'Keefe (Chairman), Gilbert F. Marshall, William P. Sullivan, Harry Gleason and Joseph Leghorn.

N. B.—From R. R. Station. Take Dixwell Avenue car direct to the hall.

DRAMATIC READING

WILL BE RENDERED BY

Louis A. Cohen

OF SHAKESPEARE'S

"OTHELLO"

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Alphabet Athletic Club of Deaf-Mutes

Bismarck Hall

No. 206-208 East 86th Street.
(Bet. Second and Third Aves.)

Saturday Evening, February 17, 1912.

AT 8:15 O'CLOCK.

Tickets - - Twenty-five Cents

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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$1 a Year.

SOCIAL and WATCH-NIGHT

WELCOME 1912.

under the auspices of

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League

at their Rooms

143 West 125th Street

Sunday Evening, December 31, 1911

Admission, Twenty-five cents.

(No tickets)

Refreshments at small cost.

BASKET-BALL and DANCE

THREE BIG GAMES!!!

Under the auspices of

Clark Deaf-Mutes' A. A.

To be held at

Sokol Hall

525B East Seventy-second Street.

Saturday Eve, Dec. 23, 1911.

First Game begins at 8 P.M. sharp. . .

Tickets - - - 25 Cents
(Including Wardrobe.)

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE.

DANCING TILL MORNING.

Christmas Tree FESTIVAL, and PANTOMIME

AT

St. Ann's Church

511 W. 148th Street

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 27.

Admission - - - 25 Cents
(including presents)

COME ONE! COME ALL!

Christmas Festival and New Games

under the auspices of the

BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

—AT—

St. Mark's Chapel

Adelphi St. and DeKalb Ave.

Thursday, Dec. 28, 1911

AT 8 P.M.

Handsome prizes awarded to winners.

ADMISSION, - - 25 CENTS
(including refreshments)

Erich Berg, *Chairman*
H. L. Juhring — J. Wilkinson
O. Fish — Miss R. Bennett

WHIST PARTY

The American Society of Deaf Artists
Chapter of American Federation of Arts

AT FRANKLIN HALL

501 West 145th Street
Corner Amsterdam Ave.

Saturday Evening, December 9, 1911

AT 8 P.M.

Fifteen Prizes will be given—all original paintings.

Tickets - - - - - 50 Cents

Hat Checks and Refreshments Free.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Entertainment & Ball

under the auspices of

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

AT MURRAY HILL LYCEUM

East 34th St., bet. Third and Lexington Aves.

Saturday Evening, January 6, 1912

ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAMME

1. The Speechless Magician.
2. A Mischievous Frenchman—One act pantomime.
3. Tramp Juggler.
4. The Two Artists—One act pantomime.
5. Acrobatic Act.
6. Heavy Loaded Tom—One act pantomime.

NOTE—Nos. 2, 4 and 6 are pantomimes, written and staged exclusively for this project, under the direction of Mr. Louis A Cohen.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE.

MAX M. LUBIN, *Chairman*, 164 E. 108 St., N. Y. City.
JOSEPH SWEYD — LOUIS H. KUTNER
THEODORE S. ROSE — HENRY PLAPINGER
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THIRD ANNUAL

MASQUE & FANCY DRESS BALL

—OF—

Brooklyn Division No. 23, N. F. S. D.

—AT—

IMPERIAL HALL

360 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

Entrance—"Red Hook Lane. One block above Borough Hall.

Saturday Evening, February 3, 1912

Tickets - - (including wardrobe) - - 50 Cents

Imperial Hall underwent extensive alteration the past summer, and is one of the finest, biggest and most up-to-date halls in Brooklyn.

Many handsome prizes will be awarded for fancy and comical costumes—thirty in all—ten for ladies, ten for gentlemen and ten for children.

TO REACH HALL—Board subway train in New York marked Brooklyn and get out at Borough Hall Station—first stop after cars get through East River tunnel, walk forward one block. Fulton Street trolleys leaving New York side of Bridge pass the door. From all parts of Brooklyn direct or by transfer to Borough Hall.

COMMITTEE—Jacob Keiber, Jr. (Chairman), 1009 Kelly St., Bronx, Mike Auerback, Erich Berg, P. Conlon, A. Duerr.

New York Council No. 2.

KNIGHTS OF DE L'EPEE

Vera Cruz Hall

305 East 23d Street, New York City.

ENTERTAINMENT COURSE, 1911—1912.

Thanksgiving Eve, Nov. 29—Mr. John M. O'Donnell will lecture Madame Boucher's Life. Reception after lecture.

Tickets, 25 cents

Fancy Dress Ball

of the

Clark Deaf-Mutes A. A.

to be held at

Yorkville Casino

86th St., between 2d and 3d Aves.

Saturday Evening, April 13, 1912

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

Particulars later.

THE Alphabet Needle Case

CONTAINS

115 HIGH GRADE LARGE-EYED SEWING NEEDLES, QUALITY WARRANTED. INCLUDING WOOL, COTTON, SILK, YARN, CARPET, BASTING, BUTTON NEEDLES AND DARNERS, ETC., ETC.

The Single and Double Hand Alphabet of the Deaf.

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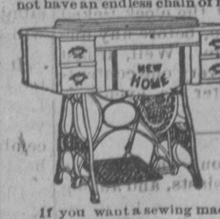
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Quality Considered it is the Cheapest in the end to buy.

If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co., Orange, Mass.

July 20, 1911.

To my Wisconsin Convention Fraters of 1911:

This is a little talk on the Photographic feature of the convention. All that you can have as tangible souvenir of the happy week we spent at Delavan are photographs from the imperishable image on the plates.

The plates not developed at Delavan are even better than those from which proofs were shown.

The groupings were as follows:

The Whole Body in one photograph.

The Alumni of Gallaudet College.

(This negative is far better than the one from which proofs were shown at Delavan.)

The Superintendents and Principals Group.

(There were two made, that of Monday being unusually excellent, but on account of seven Superintendents not appearing, another group was made on Tuesday, at noon. In quality, from the artistic standpoint, Monday's is far better. However, you can have either or both, but kindly specify which one.)

PRICES (Postage Prepaid.)

Unmounted glossy finish	$1.25
Fine Carbonate finish	1.50
Platinum, or SEPIA MAT CARBON	3.00
Very Special—Enlargements, 18x22, from any group, each	5.00

Yours sincerely,

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TWENTY-FOURTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT
(Condensed)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 20, 1919

RESOURCES

Real Estate Unencumbered	$116,395 82
Land Contracts	32,076 22
First Mortgage Loans	31,600 00
Due from First National Bank, Duluth	397 35
Due from Nat. City Bank, N. Y.	6,474 99
Treasury Stock	319,250 00
	$506,254 38

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Issued—Preferred	$250,000 00
" " " —Common	250,000 00
Twenty-Ninth Consecutive Dividend	6,254 38
	$506,254 38

STATE OF MINNESOTA, } ss.
County of St. Louis. }

I, Jay Cooke Howard, Treasurer of the Howard Investment Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JAY COOKE HOWARD, *Treasurer.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of June, 1911.

[Seal] ALMA JOHNSON,
Notary Public, St. Louis County, Minn.
My commission expires Dec. 7, 1917

Correct—Attest:
EDWARD F. SPINK,
E. P. TOWNE,
EDWARD MENDENHALL,
Directors.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about $30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

MR. OGDEN D. BUDD,
68 Broad Street,
New York, N. Y.

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